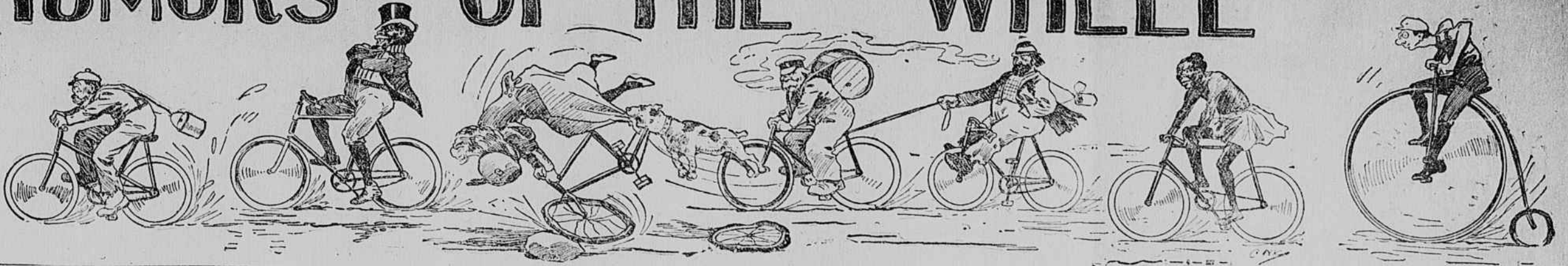
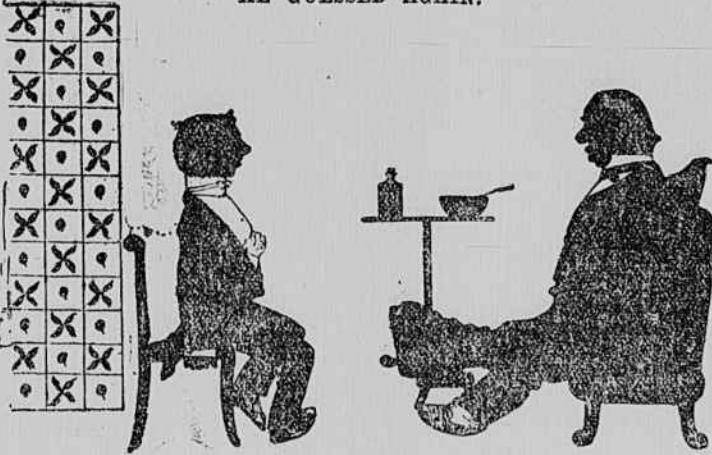


# HUMORS OF THE WHEEL



HE GUESSED AGAIN.



"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?"  
"No-o, sir, I—I only want to marry your daughter!"

—Judy.

**Occupied.**  
"Mrs. Gimbleton didn't praise my baby a bit."  
"Why should she? She has one of her own?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Nice Girl.**  
"What a mobile face that girl has!"  
"Yes—automobile."—Chicago Record.

A PHILOSOPHER.

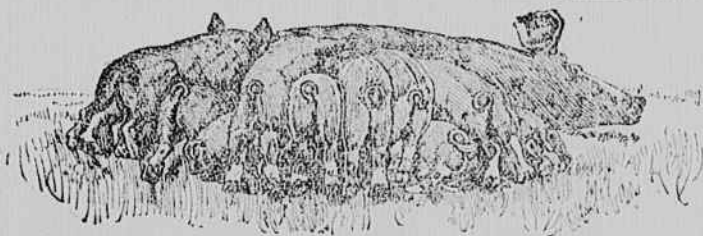


"How kin yoh spoht sech good clo'es w'en yoh is owin ev'ybody money?"  
"Huh, yoh fool niggah! Ef I didn't hab good clo'es, I couldn't owe money."

—Collier's Weekly.

**He Was In Earnest.**  
She—Take your arm from about my waist at once, sir! I never saw a man act so in my whole life!  
He—You mistake me, dear. I'm not acting.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Gave Herself Away.**  
Penelope—Isn't Charles a very smooth article?  
Patrice—Well, he wasn't last night. He needed shaving badly.—Yonkers Statesman.



A COUNTRY CLUB BREAKFAST.

—New York Press.

**An Old Stager.**  
"Is that story old?"  
"Old! Why I heard that story the same year I got this dress suit."

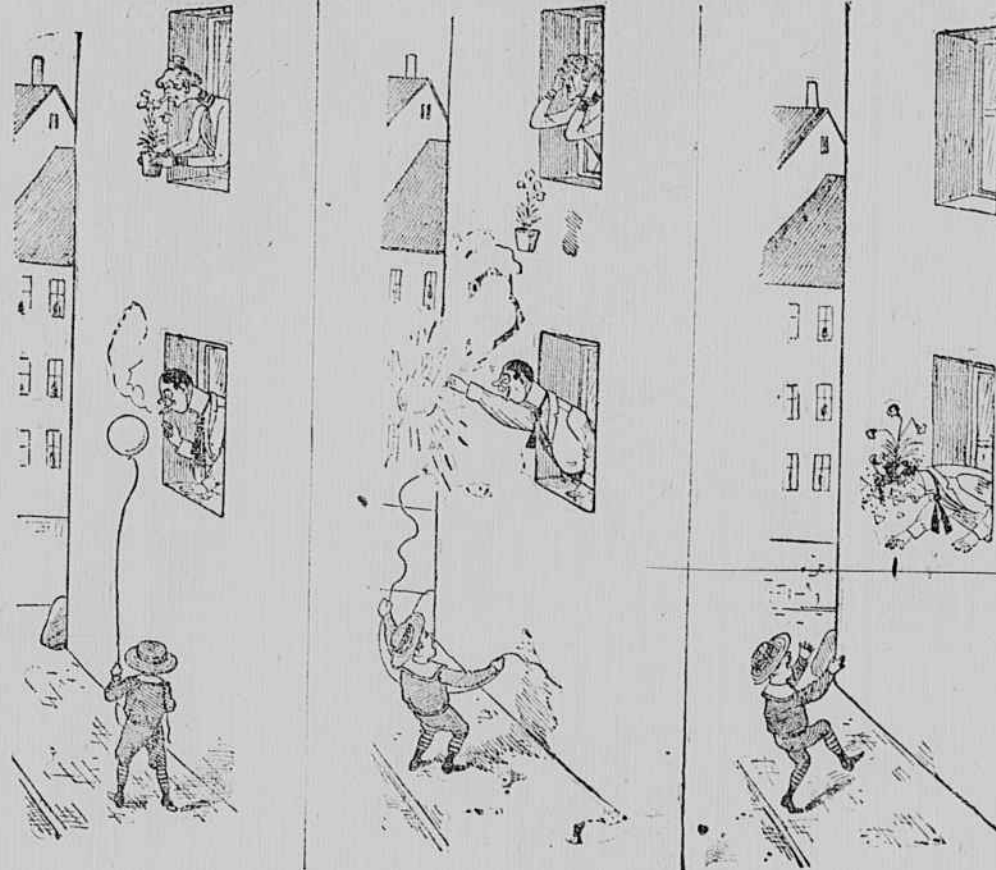
**Curious.**  
Dora—I screamed when he kissed me.  
Cora—How many times?



THE FAMILY PIANO.

—Lustige Blatter.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.



—Meggendorfer's.

Not So Slow.

New Yorker—Been over to Philadelphia, eh? Philadelphia is a slow old town.  
Chicago Man (indignantly)—Not much it ain't. It's got a city treasurer that stole 'bout a million.—New York Weekly.

Couldn't Surprise Him.

Pottson—I see they've got a yak out at Lincoln park!  
Panz—A yak? Er—oh, yes! The factories here are building them by the thousand. They're going to supersede the horse entirely.—Chicago Tribune.

A Rhetorical Opinion.

"A pun," remarked the pedant, "is merely a play on words."  
"Yes," answered the frivolous person. "They call it a play; but, as a rule, it seems more like arduous and unnecessary work."—Washington Star.

The Purpose.

"This court martial hasn't anything to do with canned beef, has it?" asked the Spanish admiral.  
"No," answered the officer. "We merely want to see about the manner in which our battleships were put in brins."—Washington Star.

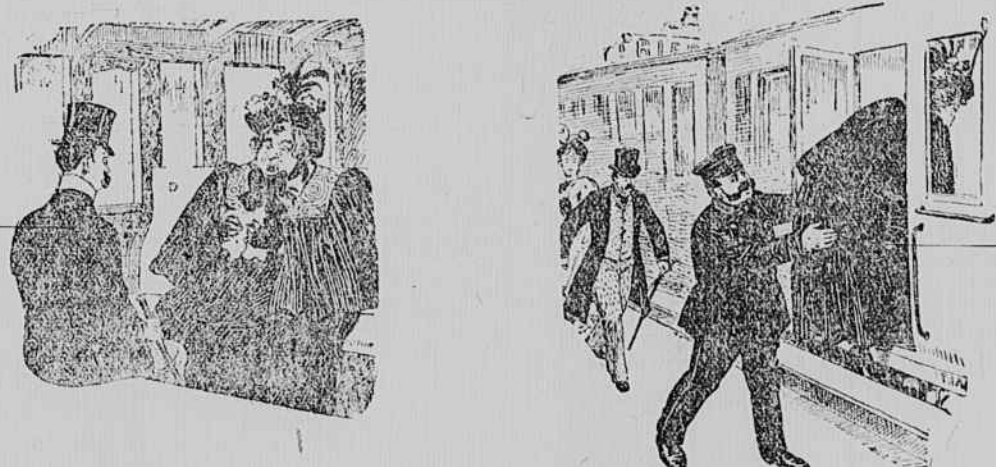
Sol Hankins' Frenchin.

A feller hadn't ought ter kick When trouble tew him comes; Life's bill er fare might make us sick If 'twas all sugar plums.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Drew the Line.

"This really pains me, Willard," said the old gentleman as he picked the boy up and laid him across his knee.  
"Well," replied the boy resignedly, "at least I've never been fool enough to deliberately hurt myself."—Chicago Post.

HER SAD FATE.



Gentleman (to fellow passenger on train, who is weeping bitterly): "What is the matter, madam?"  
Lady: "Oh, dear, sir! You see, I have been taken past this station three times now, and I cannot get out."  
Gentleman: "Why not?"  
Lady: "You see, I'm so stout, and I have to climb out backward. Whenever the train stops I back out of the door, and then the conductor comes along, pushes me back in the car and shouts 'All aboard!' and away they go again with me!"

—Filigende Blatter.

Sidewalk Perils.

You may buy, you may scatter, the fruit if you will, But the rind of bananas will trip you up still.  
—New York Evening World.

Art.

Corat whistled as he painted All his landscapes trim and nice, Now that whistle haunts his canvas, For men whistle at the price.

Extremity of Bad Taste.

"I never was so mortified in my life," said Cholly in speaking of it next day. "After I had got on the elevated train I found I had put on a pair of tan shoes a shade lighter than my gloves!"—New York World.

Future Elections.

What wondrous sights our nation In its campaigns shall note, With fasal demonstrations And a big Visara vote.  
—Washington Star.

A Meteorological Mix Up.

The lamb said he was lyin, The mutton called him clam, And wool and hair went flyin As the lion lammed the lamb.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Correctly Answered.

Teacher—Do you know what a round robin is?  
Tommye—Yes'm. It's what the burglars were doing the other night.  
—Yonkers Statesman.

THE PHILANTHROPIST'S FATE.



Mrs. Goode: "I'm glad you brought me this poor cat instead of tormenting it. Here is a nickel for you."  
Jimmie tells of his luck. And this is what Mrs. Goode found outside her window the next day.

—New York Evening Journal.

BABY GOT LEFT.



Nurse (in next room): "Baby seems quite upset this morning. Perhaps he won't have the new milk, but he's always crying for nothing, drat him!" (And he got nothing.)

—Pick Me Up.

An Old Man's Darling.

Mac—That young Miss Gay married a man of 70, and they say he simply dotes on her.  
Ethel—Why shouldn't he? He is evidently in his dotage.—New York Evening Journal.

Rude Winds.

The mad March wind clasps dainty Prue; It whisks her in its clutch, But as her boots and skirts are new She does not mind it much.  
—Chicago Record.



"AN OLD MAID."

—Woman's Life.

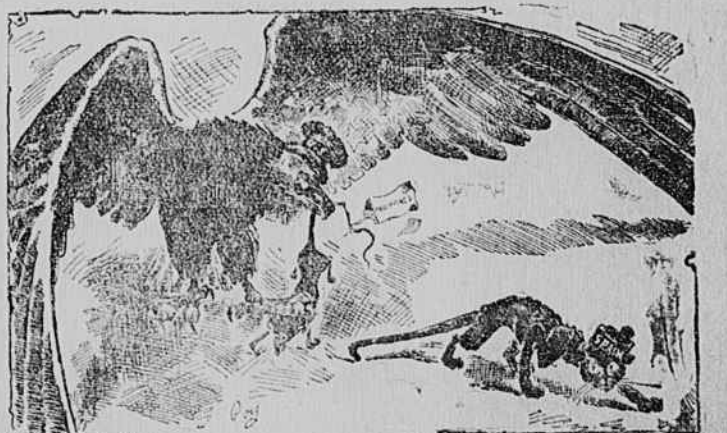
Love's Mishap.

The note that I wrote her I hid in her book. Now—who would have thought it—'Twas a library book, which went back to its nook—Some other girl got it.  
—Chicago Record.

Why He Liked Him.

"Do you know, there's something about that friend of yours that I like," said the fellow who never refused a treat.  
"Yes, I guess it's his money," replied the friend whose eyes were wide open.—Yonkers Statesman.

THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.



RESCUED! (?)

—Judy.